SAVANNAH, HARDIN COUNTY, TENNESSEE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1894.

## NOD-A-BYE TOWN.

Twilight comes down, twilight comes down,
Hol for the barbor of Nod-a-Bye town;
Drifting away on the billows of dust.
Wafted by winds which are drowsy with musk,
A dear little mariner glides from the quay
Of the Hole and deats out on the measureless Of the Here and floats out on the measureless

Of the Somewhere-'tla known as the ocean of the Trafford family. And the quay of the Here is a warm, loving

And the cables which slip at a sailing like this And the cances which slip at a saling that the Arc knotted with love and housed with a klas. Twilight comes down, twilight comes down. Ho! for the harbor of Nod-a-Hye town.

O, beautiful harbor of Nod-a-Bye town, Your lights glummer brighter as twilight come

They twinkle and gleam through the gathering Bright eyes keeping watch for each sleep-drifted bark;

Your shores stretch away to the bloom-cov-tred hills, And the bream tilts the blomorns and out of

The fragrence this dear little mariner sips From the chalice some Natad holds up to his

And he smiles as he rocks like a bird in its To this port, which of Dreamland is fairest

Where the silver-winged fairles at twilight To burnish the beacons in Nod-a-Bre town. O, dear little sailer for Nod-a-Bre town, In dreams or awake may you never be blown. To harbor less fair, to less fortunate strand.

Over waters less smooth, by breezes less bloods.

By and by you'll sail out on the ocean of Life. From the harbor of Peace to the waters of

He tossed by the mercileus tempest of Fate. Or, becaimed in some tropic of torture, will With racked, longing soul for some message of

From the heart and the love which now shel-

May you find in those arms while the tears

As of old, the fair harbor of Nod-a-Bye town. -Detroit Free Press.



kissing their wives good-by or parting with them coldly, glad of home rule.

As Mrs. Shandy passed the home of the Traffords, on the next square, she heard a monologue from the side door which ravished her ears. She stopped quickly enough, you may be sure, and caught every word.

This side entrance being enclosed by a high fence she could not see the speaker, who was evidently in earnest, and not delivering himself of any honeycomb sweetness, either.

"You will have to go back to your mother. You have been false and foolish, and I've lost all respect for you Persuasion and kindness have no influence with you, and I'll not stand this state of things another day. Be quiet. I've had the last word I want to hear. The sooner you go now the better. When people can't live together in peace there's nothing to do but part," and the door banged with a violence that was still further proof of the domestic tempest in that quarter.

Mrs. Shandy was wildly excited. Her marketing was hurriedly exented, and again she passed the Trafford home, this time walking on the opposite side of the street to get a better view of the windows, from which she might obtain a clew to the tragedy, one act of which she had overheard. She was rewarded. Mrs. Trafford sat at a window partially concealed by curtains, but weepingthat was plain. The angry words at the side door were explained. Mr. Trafford and his wife had, of course, quarreled, and he had told her to go back to her mother. Mrs. Shandy could hardly wait to get to the house of her neighbor, Mrs. Allears.

Here she opened the jewel case and handed out the gem of gossip, saying how she'd always thought there was something wrong with the Traffords. "But to think," she said, "of people quarreling right where they could be seen by passers-byl Strange some folks have no prudence and self-re-

"Strange, indeed," snifted Mr. Allears, in virtuous indignation. "But are you sure that the quarrel was between Mrs. Trafford and her hus-

"Sure? Of course I'm sure. Didn't bear of a man was bellowing carry me. I'm sure I don't see why married people can't agree."

It was notorious throughout the neighborhood that Mr. and Mrs. Shandy did for he was one of those meek, mild men, whose motto is "anything for peace." Such husbands always agree with their wives! Scandal cannot enter such a home.

"For my part," said Mrs. Allears, "I don't blame Mr. Trafford a bit. 1 haven't a doubt that it's all his wife's fault. She is one of those brazen ereatures who can't be happy unless Journal. they're dressed up and promenading the streets every afternoon. I've thought long before this, that there'd oh, dear! What a world we live in, to

People who knew her, had actually for as much harm comes from tight people who allears into marrying neckbands, heavy, dragging skirts, and ber, and that unfortunate gentleman other woes of our false system of dress.

now spent most of his leisure at the | THE FIRST CUP OF COFFEE, | THEY LET THE ROOSTER STAY

Two gossips can do more harm in a given time than a deadly pestilence. In twenty-four hours the town had the sensation; indeed, knew all the particulars of the tragic happenings in

The following day the house was closed and stood enveloped in mournful silence that was, of course, but the afternoon of love which had been dashed upon an unfriendly shore.

Many feet passed that way out of curiosity, and many eyes stared at the closed windows and unused doorways of a once happy home.

Of course, Mrs. Trafford, obeying her husband's cruel command, had gone to her mother Mr. Trafford, it was learned, had

gone to stay with a bachelor uncle, who resided in the suburbs. People who met Trafford on the cars and at business wondered at his cheer-

fulness, for certainly the parting of husband and wife is, under any circumstances, a sad finale to a happy But they could understand his effort o hide his sorrow and humiliation,

and as he made no mention of it, not a friend dared an allusion to his unhap-Poor fellow! He little knew how he

was stared at and discussed. Fortunately no children were involved in the unhappy complication. A month passed, and the talk about

the Traffords was dying out, when, lo and behold, their house was again opened and occupied. Mrs. Trafford had returned, and all who met her observed her radiant cheerfulness and

Reconciliation had certainly taken place, for Mr. Trafford was coming and going as usual, kissing his wife at the door when he left her, right before any chance witness of the amatorial emonstration

How had all this come about? Mrs. Shandy, the first to tell of the parting. was miserable not to be able to explain the present situation. She tried all plans of interrogation and discovery along with Mrs. Allears, but succeeded in none, and the reunion did not yield her half the pleasure the parting did. Horace Trafford was a good fellow,

and his friends were relieved and delighted to hear that he had taken his wife back to his heart and home again. They could not refrain from going to his office to congratulate him.

He was dumbfounded as one after another approached him, all with the same expressions. At first, thinking some joke was being practiced on him, he laughed, shook hands, pretending that he knew to what they referred. Finally the thing assumed a mysterious and serious look, especially when his wife's name was mentioned. and to his old friend. Tom Wright, who came along with cordial expressions of sympathy and joy, he exclaimed:

"I don't understand you, Tom! What is all this talk about? By Jove! what are the fellows up to to-day? They've evidently got some joke on me which I



"I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU, SIR." don't understand. What does it all

mean?" Tom was now the astonished one. "Don't you really, know, Horace?" he asked.

"I don't, indeed, Tom! Something's up. What is it?"

Then Tom Wright explained. "Ha, ha, ha!" Trafford laughed. "By Jove! Tom. That beats all! Whoever started such a lie? Why, upon my soul, it's the very first I've heard of it."

"Hasn't Mrs. Trafford been with her mother a whole month?" Tom asked. "Yes, she has, and went at my urgent solicitation, just to get a little rest

from housekeeping." Tom now touched on the subject of the quarrel overheard by Mrs. Shandy and quickly reported, with the usual embellishment which gossip adds to every spreading report. Again Traf-I hear it with my own ears? That ford laughed, this time uproariously. "By Jove, Tom, that's the richest bear of a man that I couldn't thing of the season. Why, that was help hearing it all as I went the cook that morning at the side door, though you may be sure I a girl we had imported from the rural by though you have not a girl we had imported from the rural hurried along as tast as my feet could districts, expecting much comfort from securing her services. We had done a great derl for her, but she had so mistreated and annoyed by wife I took her in hand and sent her home. Mrs. Trafneighborhood that is to say, Mr. in hand and sent her nome. Mrs. Fraf-Shandy agreed—that is to say, Mr. ford was nervous and discouraged that morning and had a good cry. Now she is home, feeling rested and happy, and I'm glad I haven't lost the dear little

woman!" Mrs. Shandy was the only one who never forgave the Traffords for not having quarreled and parted, but she established a reputation. She was at last rated on a correct basis.-N. Y.

-Octavia Bates says, writing of the ravages of the corset, that when a be trouble in that family. Oh, dear; group of doctors come together to dine Chief Financial Support," and Miss Mrs. Allears had a grievance against Bates evidently thinks it would be well Mrs. Attended The latter was one of for the doctors to go a step further and those sweet, pretty, lovable women toast the corset, since she finds that those sweet, since sae and not love ninety-five feminine diseases are diwhom lew men to their lives. Mrs. Althem the rest of the said by some evil-tongued to crowd every evil upon the corset, lears, it was said by some evil-tongued to crowd every evil upon the corset,

It Was Probably Made in Arabia Abou Four Handred Years Ago. In the "Hibliotheque Nationale" there is a manuscript (near the end of the sixteenth century), written by an Arab, Abdeicator, who deelaves that offee was drunk for the first time in Arabia in the middle of the fifteenth century. Others think that certain remarks in Persian writings imply that coffee was used in Persia as early as the ninth century, but most authors lispute these texts. It is commonly supposed that the use of coffee in its earliest home, Abyssinia, and in its

centuries old.

A legend says that the Angel Gabriel, nce when Mohammed was ill, brought him a cup of coffee. Another legend says that a Mohammedan monk dishad eaten of the fruit of the coffee tree This observation caused him to make the first cup of coffee. His dervishes drank it at night to produce wakefulness when they kept vigils. Cautious historians laugh at these traditions, and prefer to stand by Abdeleader's manuscript. This writer mentions an Arab, Gemaleddin, a judge in Aden, who, while traveling in Persia, or, as the historians correct the manuscript, to Abyssinia, saw people use coffee at medicine. He used it and was cured of siekness. Later, becoming a monk, he taught his brethren the use of coffee It was then in Aden that coffee drink ing originated. The fakirs even made coffee drinking compulsory upon their neophytes. Public coffee-houses originated in Aden, and very early in his-

We do not find any opposition to the use of coffee until the middle of the sixteenth century, when the Egyptian sultan sent a new governor, Chair Bey, to Mecca. This governor knew nothing about coffee, and was greatly enraged when he saw the dervishes in the nosque drink coffee. He believed that which they did was contrary to the teaching of the koran and that they be came intoxicated. He consulted two Persian physicians, who were opposed to coffee. They declared it was a sub stitute for wine, which is prohibited by the koran, and hence coffee drinking was a violation of Mohammed's law. To prove that coffee drinking made per ons neglect religious duties they point ed to the fact that while coffee-houser were multiplying the mosques were lone and received the following note in reply: "Your physicians are asses. Our lawyers and physicians in Cairo are better informed. They recommend the use of coffee, and I declare that no faithful will lose Heaven because he drinks coffee." About twenty years later a man in Cairo preached against offee and declared that coffee-drinkers were poor Mohammedans. Since then coffee drinking has been upmolested and it has become a favored drink everywhere.-Copenhagen Nord-

sijernen. A Glimpse of Fortune. A Chicago electrician found an arr only to lose it. For a long time he had been experimenting with wires for incandescent electric lamps. In the ordinary incandescent lamp the vacuum is not perfect, the wire burns away and the film of soot forms on the inside of the glass. The electrician hoped to make a wire which would have more "resistance" and last much longer: hence to his joy he succeeded. He made one lot of wires, which, being placed in the vacuum lamps, lasted five times as long as those that were and are now in general use. The discovery meant a fortune. He made arrangements to manufacture the lamps on a large scale, but when he made another lot after the same process it was a failure, and would not serve the purpose. He tried again and again, but to this day he has never been able to duplicate the successful ones. There might have been some accidental ingredient, some little difference in the method of manufacture that made this lot a great success. The electrician is not disheartened. He is working away. attempting to rediscover his discovery.

Electricity From the Stars.

-Chicago Record.

The interesting feat of obtaining electricity from the light of the stars has been accomplished by Prof. Minchin. By a telescope of the observatory at Westmeath, Ireland, the rays from the planet Venus were concentrated upon a delicate photo-electric cell, when a measurable current was excited.-Detroit Free Press.

So penetrating is water at high pres sure that only special qualities of cast iron will be tight against it. In the early days of the hydraulic jack it was no uncommon thing to see water issu ing like fine needles through the metal and the water needles would penetrate the unwary figure just as readily as a steel one.-Power

No Cruelty. Traveler-Yes, I was captured by the

savages, and sentenced to marry a squaw. Hostess-Horrible!

Traveler-Yes: but they had some mercy. They did not insist on a fashionable wedding,-N. Y. Weekly. Why He Thought So.

Williamson-That's the smartest dog in this town. Henderson-What makes you think

"The other day, when a policeman was shooting at him, the dog stopped running."--Puck.

A Decided Benefit. Wiley-Did that last bottle do Parke; good? Graham-Yes; it cured him of the

patent medicine habit.-Puck.

Chairman Tom Carter of the repub

He Was Annoying, But as Fair-Mindet Men They Couldn't Do Otherwise. tican national committee tells of ar incident which shows that your true Virginia gentleman's love for cockfighting has not lost its edge since the days when Lord Fairfax's fighting cocks held high carnival.

One night, while Mr. Carter was or hts way to a meeting of the republican national committee at Louisville, the train stopped at a small town in Virginia and a typical Virginia planter of the old school boarded the sleeper. He second home. Arabia, is only five or six carried a well-loaded meal bag in one hand and a carpet bag in the other. He was careful to see that the meal bag was placed under his berth, but allowed the porter to place the carpet bag in the end covered that his goats became very of the car after he had passed a bot lively and full of fun after they the of corn whisky around the circle of er to live with us was not strictly an gentlemen in the smoking-room.

At ten o'clock the passengers were over the hills when all were awakened turns off the gas, should be sent to by a loud "cockalorum" in the car. The passengers shoved their heads out Siftings. between the curtains, the porter was aroused from his nan in the smokingroom, and the train conductor, with the passageway.

"What's going on in here anyway," asked the conductor. "I reckon that's the hallylula's of my

black and red Spanish, sah," replied

the Virginia gentleman from between the curtains. "Black and red Spanish what?" "My black and red Spanish game

bock, sah, undah my berth." "Well, get him out of here mighty quick and into the baggage car. This train is no cock pit," said the conductor.'

"No, sah. That cock stays right heah with his ownah." "You get that rooster into the baggage car, or you will both get off the

"No sah. You can go to the baggage eah if you wish, but that black and red Spanish stays with me." By this time all the passengers in

the car were yelling to the conducton "That's right. You're right. Put em out. We can't sleep."

Then the Virginia gentleman got out of his berth and said:

"Gentlemen, I appeal to you as gentlemen to let that black and red Span empty. Chair Boy called a counsel of ish stay with me. I nearly sunk the physicians, priests, and lawyers, and plantation on that last main at Majah ish stay with me. I nearly sunk the on their advice, forbude absolutely the Gordon's place, an' this black an' red use of coffee. The police gathered all | Spanish must win back foh me to-morce that could be found and burned | row to-night. I appeal to you as gen it in the market-place. Afterward he | tlemen, let this cock stay with me till reported to the sultan what he had he gets his spurs on in the pit at the

majah's place.' The conductor turned out to be a fairminded man, and at the solicitation of a few fair-minded passengers he left the black and red Spanish to finish his morning salutation.-Chicago Times.

"HANDS OFF."

The Remark of a Little Girl Who Was Viewing the Old Statues. A very charming and witty widow residing in Washington gave her little daughter a mythological primer several years ago, and the child immediately became intensely interested in the romantic stories of the gods and god desses. Long after she had exhausted the primer she was ceaseless in her demands to have her appetite for incidents, which happened in the Elysium fields and thereabouts, satisfied. One day her mother thought it would be a good idea to take her heart's delight over to the Corcoran gallery and show

her the statuary and easts and other works which have the heroes of mythology for their subjects. While pursuing this pleasant purpose the pair came upon the Torso reclining legless and armless upon its massive pedestal. The mother was stumped to explain to her daughter what the scarred and broken mass of plaster signified other than being the dismembered remains of a grand human figure. The little one, however, quickly helped her parent out of her predicament. There was a large placard on the base of the pedestal bear ing the forbidden words "Hands Off." The little miss looked at what she deemed was the title of the work with an expression of scorn, and the same sentiment was indicated in her inflee tion when she spoke. "Hands off," she remarked with a sniff of superior wisdom. "Hands off. I should say they was-and the foots, too!"-Washington

In Military Attire.

A rather vain young militia officer is an admirer of a pretty girl up town. and her father dislikes him so that he has declared war on him. Not long ago a friend was talking to the father about the young man.

"I suppose that young popinjay still visits your daughter?" he said. "Um-er-well," replied the old gen tleman, "he was up to the house one

night last week." "All booted and spurred, of course; "Um-er," hesitated the father significantly. "I can't say as to the spurred, but he was booted. I happened to be there, and know."-Detroit Free Press

Hygiene of the Eye.

When the eyes are tired, rest them A little salt in cool water, filtered through filtering paper, used as a wash, will be found refreshing, but a sea bath or a sail is the best remedy. Never sit facing a strong light. Cross lights, flash-lights and varying colored lights weary and strain the sight. Reading in a car is a habit that only the thoughtless indulge in. There is some mysterious sympathy between the head and feet, by virtue of which a foot bath will often soothe aching temples and eyes. Night work that is not absolute ly necessary is dangerous, and the best book that ever was written is not worth reading in a poor light.-St. Louis Republic. #

-The Rio Grande for more than two hundred miles above El Paso, Tex., is probably the crookedest and most winding stream on the continent,

PITH AND POINT.

-Only stupid people complain of hard work. Smart people never over work themselves.

-"Mr Younghusband took a gentle man home to dinner last night." "He seems so mild I didn't suppose there was any person living he hated to that degree."

-She-"Do you think that money takes the place of a wife?" He (looking over some bills)-"No, but I know that a wife takes the place of money. Detroit Free Press. -"Is it true that Mrs. Strongmind

was expeled from the Advanced Womzn's club?" "Yep. She was found guilty of ungentlemanly conduct."-Indianapolis Journal. -Mrs. Hicks-"Are you sure that you married me for myself alone?"

idea of mine."-Harlem Life. -The man that kicks his daughter's asleep in their berths, but the first lover down three flights of stairs, sends rays of light were hardly shooting her to bed with a scolding, and then

-"But, my good man, sheep-shearing requires a man who is used to the shears." "Well, that's all right. I have eyes half shut, made his appearance in | been engaged for three years in preparing editorials for an Oshkosh weekly.

prison for contempt of court.-Texas

-Once a Week. -Nurse-"Look here, Sammy, you must leave baby alone. Look at her!" Elder Brother-"I didn't do nothin'. Jist tetched her nose wif dis straw, an' she went off like a fire-cracker."-Har-

per's Young People. -Oh, Those Women.-Clara-"How was Miss Smith dressed?" Mattle-"Oh, she had on the plainest clothes you ever did see." Clara-"They must have matched her face perfectly."-

Detroit Free Press. -Mrs. McPhiz-"Tell me, doctor, is there any danger of becoming insane by using complexion bleaches?" Dr. Blunt-"Not at all. When a woman begins to use them she is about as crazy as it is ever possible for her to be." Boston Transcript.

-Briggs-"Here comes the undertaker who lived in the next block to me. Let's cross over." Griggs-"What's the matter?" Briggs-"The last time I was sick the doctor told him I couldn't live, and I hate to hurt his feelings."-Brooklyn Life.

-A Discovery-When Masker grew pale and his eyes became And the doctor his people decided to call

Said a cigarette heart was the matter with

-N. Y. Press.

-The Ideal Spot - Cobwigger-Where are you going to build your new summer health resort?" Dr. Kilsuin-"Down in that place where I was shooting last fall, where I mistook the mosquitoes for snipe, and where the malaria kills spring poets and book agents.

-Why He Changed .- Greene-Gates-'I see you have changed your paper.' Halsey Hutnam-"Yes, I had to for economy's sake; when the folks got through cutting the coupons out of the Giftfake there was nothing left for the girl to make the kitchen fire with."

-Brooklyn Eagle. -Mrs. Uptodate (feelingly)-"Yes, my dear, six months after we were married Jack and I made up our minds that we weren't a bit suited for each other; so, like sensible people, we faced the inevitable. Jack lets me go my way, and -- " Miss Verdant (sympathetically)-"And you let him go his way, I suppose?". Mrs. Uptodate (indignantly) Good gracious, my dear! I should just like to see him try it."-Demorest's

Magazine. POETESS OF PASSION.

She is Selzed with an Inspiration on Nine teen Sheets of Fine Paper. The south side poetess of passion lay sleeping on her arms, not firearms like soldiers have, but real genuine arms, which are warm and soft and white. The paschal lamp of her bureau altar was burning dim and low. An imprudent little breeze stole in the open window and stirred the curis upon the broad, white forehead of the poetess of passion. The movement, too slight to be noticed by any but poetesses, aroused the one who slept.

"That is-" The words were spoken in a half whisper.

The light was dim and low. "An inspiration," she concluded. She pened her inlaid gold and ebony writing desk and took up her jeweled pen. A sheet of violet-in-winter-scented pa-

"Ah!" she said in a recond-floor-back whisper.

The light was dim and low. "We poetesses are so, so different-Again she sighed. "From other people." She made a

paragraph mark on the paper. "To think," she resumed, "that an inspiration would arouse -" The light burned dim and low. "Me from my slumbers." She took a fresh sheet of writing paper. Now she

makes another paragraph mark. She hesitates. "I wonder," she observes, "if that wasn't an inspiration." She makes eighteen more paragraph marks or eighteen more sheets of paper.

The light burns dim and low "It wasn't." 'The poetess of passion goes back to bed.-Chicago Disputch.

The Little One's Feet.

Babies often suffer a great deal, and

in after life are afflicted with bunions

and corns and other deformities of the feet from wearing badly-fitting and tight shoes. The little one's complaint is too often silenced, and the mother goes thoughtlessly on her way without realizing the cruel martyrdom she is subjecting her child to. When the little one complains of discomfort an investigation should be made, and if there is reason for the complaint, the defect in the garment should be remedied or else it should be discarded at

once. - Good Health.

## FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE DREAMER. When I am sleeping in my bed, The little people in my head All sport and frolic, dance and play

As they will never do by day.

They play at being king and queen, Or eatching fairy-folk unseen They not out giant, troll, or gnome, Or in far Afric's forests roam.

They go with Sinbad on his trips, Or take command of pirate ships And capture galleons of Spain, Pearl-freighted on the Spanish main, Yet each one still pretends he's me;

While I am sound asleep, you see: They play I run and shout and leap— And yet I'm lying fast asleep. They have such jolly lots of fun, And see such sights! Yet never one

Will wake me up that I may go To share the joys that please them so And if I wake, and try to hear, Or at their frolics try to peer, Then all the sly things in a trice Are quiet and demure as mice -Arlo Bates, in St. Nicholas.

THE DRUM-MAJOR'S DUTY.

Gaudy Personage Who Is Useful as Well as Ornamental. When I was a boy in New York, as many of us youngsters walked in front of a procession as there were soldiers in

it. The platoon of mounted police which now clears the street for blocks many years ago, either-unknown; for there were no mounted police! To us the real drum-major seemed little more than an ornament and a harlequin, a soldier acrobat who would have been as much in place in a circus as at the head of a regiment. The drummajors were fine-looking fellows then father. as now; tall and shapely, their natural sprung from a race of giants. Whenfor some time, we would look back imas he brought it down, the band broke | tempt to play gently with it. in upon the drums with a crashing the band, and between times looking as if it were one of its own kind. nothing. It requires a visit to a state and carried it downstairs.

camp or a United States army post to learn what the tall man in the bear-

THE PRIDE OF THE REGIMENT. skin hat has to do. For there he is busy even when he isn't on show. The drum-major is to the band what the first sergeant is to a company. He drills the musicians in marching, sees that they are rightly equipped, that

the brasses are bright and the music in order. The band, of course, practices under the band-leader, but the drum- a few days ago and if ever a dog had major has full charge of the field music -the trumpeters and the drum-and-fife | Beauty certainly had. corps. In fact, the drum-major derives his name from the fact that he was formerly the chief drummer of the regiment. He has been an ornament of the British army since the reign of Charles II., and has long flourished in the continental services. He is tambourmajor in the French army, and he went by the same name in the German service until the gradual giving up of French terms after the Franco-German war converted him into the Regimentstrommler,-the regimental drummer,a term which well expresses the original duties of the office, but lacks the swing of "drum-major" and "tambourmajor." And what is a drum-major

without swing? At "parade," at an army post, or state camp, the drum-major leads the band and field music to the front, and brings it to a halt facing the color-line At the approach of the adjutant he gives the command, "Open ranks," and when the arms have been inspected, "Close ranks." He then marches the band back to its place on the color-

DOG ADOPTS A CHICKEN. A Spaniel Who Nursed and Jealously

line.-Gustav Kobbe, in St. Nicholas.

Guarded an Orphan Bird. Many stories have been told of what one animal will do for another which is its natural prey. A remakable instance of a dog with sporting blood in its veins caring for a chicken has just occurred in New York city.

Beauty is the name of the dog. . She is owned by Dr. Frederick A. Lyons, of 50 East Sixty-third street, New York. Dr. Lyons is very fond of dogs and he once owned a valuable St. Bernard, a prize winner, now dead, but whose counterfeit presentment adorns the

walls of his study. But Beauty ought to win a prize any-

where. She has watched with motherly care the tender years of a chick, guided its toddling footsteps, carried it to places of safety when danger menaced, and coddled it in her warm furry coat. What more could an old hen do?

Beauty is a spaniel, a Welsh cocker, about four years old. It is a long while since she had a family. She has a black, glossy coat, with white undermarking, and white paws and a white streak down the middle of the head. When the farm show was in progress in Madison Square garden Dr. Lyons' children visited it and one of the boys was given a chiek from the incubator. The chiek died, but Dr. Lyons got another, also

hatched by artificial means. Beauty's protage, therefore was brought into the world without father or mother. The fact that it was an



BEAUTY AND HIS PROTEGE.

ahead, was then-and it was not so orphan did not in the least excite the spaniel's sympathy-that is, at first. A box was procured for the newcomer and its quarters comfortably fixed up. Dr. Lions' little boy told his father that Beauty was disposed to be unfriendly toward "Chicky.

"That is because Beauty has not been introduced," said the child's

Forthwith the doctor had the chick height increased by their great bear- brought out, and Beauty came nosing skin caps, so that they all seemed around as if to find out how good "chicky" might be on the half shell. ever the drum-corps had been playing and after awhile Beauty came to re-The doctor gave the dog a gentle slap, gard the feathered newcomer as one of patient for the drum-major's signal to the family. By and by the dog would the band. How it thrilled us to see lie down at the door or the chicken's his stick flourish in the air; and when, box and watch for its coming and at-

The chick at first did not like these chord, our forms straightened up and attentions, but soon seemed to be reour steps became more buoyant! In sponsive. At last it was quite evident those days, I thought the duties of the | that Beauty had grown to be very fond drum-major were limited to squelch- of the bird. She would liek it all over, ing alternately the drum-corps, and just as if it were a pup, and fondle it as large and handsome as possible. The chicken was missed one night. It

But, while the drum-major cannot, was found at last in the cellar with under any circumstances, be said to Beauty. The dog was coiled, and there have been born to blush unseen, he was the chicken cuddling close up to performs many duties of which the its warm body and quite contented looker-on at a street-parade knows The spaniel had taken it in its mouth It was quite a common thing for

Beauty to eatch up the chicken in her mouth and carry it off to a corner. The chicken had a great objection to this common-carrier business. It could stand anything but that, even the licking. Its attire and its temper used to get very much ruffled. But Beauty would stand no nonsense. She in her superior wisdom knew what was best for the young and inexperienced thing committed to her care.

Beauty was extremely solleitous for its welfare. She was very jealous of any outside interference and fearful of what strangers might do. When the butcher, the groceryman or other tradesmen came into the basement the spaniel would bark furiously and make a rush for the chicken, over which it stood guard until the suspected danger had passed. Any one of the family might fondle

the chicken, of course, but no stranger dared do it or Beauty would want to know the reason why. If the chicken were too near the door when the bell rang Beauty would grasp the bird in its mouth and carry it off to a place of safety. But alas! Notwithstanding all the motherly care of Beauty and the fact that there was a doctor in the house

the chicken died the other day. Beauty was grief-stricken and refused to be comforted. She would sniff around the little chicken house and gaze here and there expecting her protege and lost her appetite. I saw the spaniel a mournful feeling plainly expressed

EXTORTION REBUKED.

Uncle Silas Wouldn't Pay a Quarter for Pork and Beans. One day lately a lanky individual in a long and faded brown overcost dropped into a city restaurant, took his

seat at one of the tables, placed his hat on the floor by the side of his chair and beckoned to one of the waiters. "Have you got any stewed punkin?" he asked

"I think not," replied the waiter. "Got any fried onions?" "No." "B'lled turnips?"

"No."

"What have you got that a man can eat, anyhow?" "Here is our bill of fare." "I can't read it without my specs, and I didn't bring 'em. S'posen' you

was hungry yourself, what'd you want?"

"Well, here's porterhouse steak, roast

turkey with cranberry sauce, yeal cutlets brended, saddle of venison, minced clams on toast, pork and beans-"Pork an' beans! That'll do. Bring me some pork an' beans and a cup of

sassafras tea purty strong." "We haven't any sassafras tea." "Hain't got no sassafras tea? What kind of an eatin' house are you runnin'? Don't you know everybody ort to drink sassafras tea? How much do you charge for pork an' beans?"

"Twenty-five cents." The stranger stooped and picked up his hat, put it on his head, rose deliberately and said to the waiter, in a tone of withering rebuke:

"Young man, when I want to git robbed on pork an' beans I'll go to a first-class tavern and have it done in style. Any charge fur the time I've been settin' down here? No? Well, rood day!"